

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor.

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The Paper that Does Things

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JUNE 6, 1916.

CATCHING UP.

Under Woodrow Wilson the United States is catching up with the rest of the world. After years of republican failure even to propose action, Pres't Wilson and the democrats of congress have faced the rural credits question and have almost completed legislation upon it.

During all the years of republican domination—in Germany the "Landschaften" system, organized and controlled by the government, was providing loans to farmers at 3½ per cent.

In France the "Credit Foncier," a government bank, was loaning on farms at four per cent.

In Switzerland land-credit associations, operated by the state, were taking care of the needs of the farmers at three and four per cent.

And in Denmark, Great Britain, Sweden, Japan and Canada, by various plans, the governments had devised means whereby the financial requirements of the farming population were provided for on a fair basis.

RENOUNCING THE FLAG.

There was a significant flag ceremony in New York one evening last week. The "Church of the Social Revolution" held a flag-burning. It was perhaps the first affair of the kind in the United States.

After a prayer meeting, the church members retired to a yard back of the house where they are accustomed to assemble. There the pastor had placed a sort of altar covered with red cloth, and in front of it a big kettle swung on a tripod. The kettle was labeled "Melting Pot." It was filled with kerosene. The pastor delivered a solemn address, announcing an act typifying "international brotherhood." Then the "Melting Pot" was lighted, and at the words, "Let the first comrade appear!" a man came forward with a British flag and repeated these words:

"I, Robert W. Davis, a native of Great Britain, cast the flag of my country into this melting pot as a symbol of renunciation in favor of internationalism and universal brotherhood."

Then, sulking the action to the word, he threw the flag into the flaming pot and saw it consumed. After him came a German, a Russian, a Japanese, an Italian, a Swede, a Greek and an American, each repeating the same formula and burning the flag of his country. Then they prayed, each in his own language.

The affair has aroused much interest. And the burning of the Stars and Stripes, naturally, has stirred up bitter criticism. The deed must assuredly be condemned. Perhaps it should be severely punished, if the laws provide for punishment. Reverence for the flag is one of the most sincere and profound emotions of which Americans are capable. And yet, along with criticism and condemnation, it is worth while to note what these men, if they were sincere, were driving at.

They wanted, apparently, to show that the flag "may" be evil as well as good. And that this is a fact, the whole great war now engulfing Europe attests. Europe is bleeding to death, not because its people are not patriotic, but because they are anything but patriotic. The sentiment of nationality has been fanned to such a white heat that it has burned out the sentiment of human brotherhood. The various nations have become more intensely self-conscious and selfish. National boundaries are tightened. New walls of isolation are raised. Every soldier and civilian is striving mightily for the glory of his own country. He considers himself a German, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a Russian, an Italian, above everything else.

"Internationalism," which made much headway before the war, has been swept away. The large consciousness of one self as a citizen of the world, a member of the Human Race rather than any fractional part of it, has almost disappeared. And even in America, although we have today a keener consciousness of world-brotherhood than any other great nation, we have jingoists who preach the European militaristic gospel of national pride, selfishness and spiritual isolation, and make a fetish of the flag rather than an honest and admirable symbol.

There must be nothing narrow, partisan and selfish about Old Glory. It should represent the love and co-operation of 100,000,000 loyal people not only for the story and profit of America but for the disinterested service of mankind. It should stand for the larger patriotism of the future—nationalism expanding into internationalism.

And most of us believe that it really does stand for that now, and does not have to be "renounced" by any honest and intelligent citizen whose sympathies are broader than our own boundary lines.

A QUEER PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

Republicans in Chicago who will tomorrow "point with pride" and "view with alarm" will probably not stop to consider it, but this is the queerest presidential year in the history of the country; thanks to the grow-

ing intelligence and the established solidarity of our business institutions.

For the first time in a generation a "presidential year" brings no business prostration. We have become accustomed to regarding "bad times" as inseparable from our quadrennial elections. There is a deeply rooted theory that business of necessity marks time while the national issues are being fought out and the representatives of one or another set of principles are elected. And actual facts upset the theory. Our bankers, manufacturers, merchants and transportation managers are going ahead with their business just as if a presidential campaign were not already under way and the great party conventions were not imminent.

What is the reason? Evidently, that the country's business has grown so big and strong that it feels able to take care of itself, and regards even a presidential election as only an incident. That election is expected, as a matter of course, to have its effect on industry and commerce. But it is not expected to be a paramount factor.

Is business, then, bigger than the government? No, but business is largely independent of government. It follows its own natural laws. Political events, though important, don't affect it so much as we used to imagine. The moral regeneration of business, coupled with our growing intelligence, tells us that the only real success worth the while, is that born of human energy and honor in open competition, rather than by grabbing it off through special and oppressive legislation which enriches the few at the expense of the many.

Democracy, fundamental democracy, we mean, once regarded as a mere handsome theory, has developed into a practical ideal, and is embraced in the course of nature and the evolution of things, much to the popular advantage. Even the republicans are coming to admit, when outside their conventions and in "off-years," that prosperity for the many is the surest permanent road to prosperity for the few, and the Wilson administration, working on that basis, finds the country adapting itself to it in a most admirable manner—thanks to the long years of education, from Jefferson until now, and the declining self-centered selfishness that is losing out in consequence.

ADOPTED CITIZENS SHOULD STAY.

There is a labor crisis in this country. Labor is scarcer than it has been for a generation. And most of the experts foresee no slackening of the demand, even in the event of early peace. American industry has grown so great that its own momentum will in all probability carry it along for several years. There may be no lessening whatever in the need of labor after the war, for then will come tremendous orders for American manufactures needed in rebuilding Europe.

And in that situation some economic students see an unexpected peril. It is quite possible that instead of a deluge of foreign immigrants there may actually be an exodus of foreign-born workmen from America. There seems to be a tendency in that direction already. And there is no doubt that the various belligerent governments will make urgent efforts to draw their immigrant back. Every country now at war will need all the able-bodied men it can muster for the rehabilitation of industry, and agriculture. Laws will probably be passed forbidding further emigration for some years, and premiums may be paid for the return of expatriated citizens.

If such a situation arises, where will the duty of our adopted citizens lie? Manifestly here in America. Alexander Konta, an able leader of Hungarian-Americans, speaking on this theme recently, admitted the right of Hungarian subjects now in this country to go back home when the seas are free again, but insisted that naturalized citizens must remain.

"Every one of us," he said, "who returns to Hungary, repudiates his American citizenship and resumes his status as a Hungarian subject, will prove by his action that dual allegiance is not an invention, a phantom created out of nothing but prejudice and panic, but a real danger to this republic. He will prove that the hyphen is all that the native American conceives it to be—a weakness in the body politic, unreliable in hours of storm and stress.

"You have sworn allegiance of your own free will. That oath stands, and nothing can affect its sanctity. You cannot go back. Your first duty is here."

AND IT'S MEAT FOR CHICAGO.

Tomorrow, June 7, will be circus day in Chicago, and the Windy City is due for just about the hottest time in its history, and that's some hot, if you please.

Chicago's circus is not going to be any 'til' of one ring affair, nor a two ring, nor yet a three ring show. There will be four rings going all at the same time. Here they are, count 'em:

G. O. P. convention.

Progressive ditto.

National American Woman Suffrage association convention.

Congressional union for Woman's Suffrage conference.

The greatest galaxy of stars in the circus world will be there. Particular attention is directed to the acrobatic performances on the program. There will be more brass bands than you can count in a day. There will be lion tamers, and juggling and all the rest.

The horses are in fine fettle, particularly the "dark" ones. The usual complement of clowns will be there, only more so.

Oh, yes, Chicago will have a regular spasm of joy!

A letter from the president of the National American Woman's association disclosing—somewhat prematurely—it is hinted—the program of the coming Chicago convention is perturbing the G. O. P. leaders considerably.

The republican and progressive conventions will be asked to insert a national suffrage plank in their platforms. Roosevelt has declared for it already. Thus the republicans are square up against it, for in some states, notably California, the women's vote is not to be sneezed at.

The name of the lady president of the N. A. W. A. is Cati. Now we wonder—oh, paw! of course not. Not even a standpatter would do that.

California's tourist season for 1916 is officially opened. Mount Lassen has started erupting again, for the first time since November, 1915.

The Iowa republican convention almost mobbed a speaker for referring to Theodore Roosevelt as "the greatest man in the world." Maybe T. R. had better mobilize the Rough Riders before the national convention meets.

Carranza, according to Mexican reports, has built his fourth "live bunslaw." And Oregon is still on the hunt for a dead Villa.

THE MELTING POT

FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

SELF-ASSERTION.

The man who seeks for any aim the busy public's aid. Must have a front that's unshamed, a voice that's not afraid. To lift itself in audible and penetrating notes. Soliciting cooperation, patronage or votes; For it is one of nature's cold and calculating laws That silence can assassinate a grand and worthy cause.

The gentleman who goes to rob his neighbor's chicken roost. Requires the softest rubber heels that science has produced; The artisan who counterfeits the coinage of the mint. Does not announce his industry in tall and glaring print; Conspirators who plot against their peaceful native land. Do not engage the service of an orchestra or band.

But any one whose enterprise is strictly on the square. Can tell his trusty trumpeters to let the music blare; Can call for the reporters and the advertising men. Cackles like the triumph celebrated by a hen. Who's laid for honest purposes an egg of honest size. Who's done a useful service that she dares to advertise.

A. B. B.

The G. O. P. ought not have much trouble in getting a rider for their elephant, all the candidates seem to be good jockeys.

HEARD AT THE CIRCUS.

"I may be fat, but she's got it on me."

"How does he do it?"

"What a queer animal an elephant are."

OLD STUFF.

Owing to * * * * * the management wishes to announce that * * * will be unable to * * * * * The next event * * * will conclude the afternoon's performance.

We suggest that promoters of various events keep the above copy and fill out to meet emergencies.

The young lady who works here has just asked for a picture show to a pass.

It wouldn't surprise us to see some movie picture show house advertised as the coolest spot in town as soon as the weather warms up a bit.

We noticed a headline the other day that said: "Enjoys 70 years of married life." We simply say we noticed it; we are making no comment.

Add to light occupations: Tending bar in a saloon in the outskirts in the day time.

SETTLED.

Many persons refuse to believe Eliza crossed the ice, as related in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or that there was such a person as Eliza.

But Mrs. Meeky B. Coffin of Cincinnati, says she KNOWS Eliza crossed the Ohio river on ice blocks and was hidden in the same house along the river in which Mrs. Coffin was living at the time.

Mrs. Coffin says that after being

Statesmen Great and Near-Great

BY FRED KELLY

WASHINGTON, June 5.—Sen. Thomas Taggart of Indiana, is an inveterate practical joker. This is considered one of his best. There was an Indiana politician whose greatest pride in life was the possession of a handsome gold watch that had been presented to him in appreciation of his work for the democratic party. Taggart met this man one day in a hotel lobby.

"I want to borrow your watch a minute to show to a friend over here," said Taggart. "I've just been telling him about the great work you accomplished for the party. Come over and tell him about the watch yourself."

Proudly the man handed over the watch, whereupon Taggart substituted another watch of similar appearance. He let this watch fall to the floor. The fall broke it all to pieces. Small cogs and odds and ends of mechanism lay in all directions.

"Here, boy," said Taggart, beckoning with great unconcern to a bell-boy, "sweep this stuff up." He did not offer to apologize, but acted as if the accident was of no consequence.

That was the last straw. The man who thought his watch had been ruined—the watch that was the pride of his life—was in a frenzy. "I wouldn't have taken \$5,000 for that watch!" he fairly screamed.

"And you call a boy to sweep it up as if it was worth no more than a cigar stub."

"Oh, well, no use crying over spilt milk," soothed Taggart, with the air of one about to dismiss a trivial incident. "It couldn't be helped."

"Why, you are the awkwardest man I ever saw!" declared the enraged watch owner. "I tell you I wouldn't have taken \$5,000 for that watch. And now you've busted it to smithereens."

"Oh, well," suggested Taggart, gayly, "you can get a cheap watch that will keep just as good time. A friend of mine has one of those dollar Ingersolls and—"

The mention of a dollar watch in such connection was too much. The joke victim turned and started to walk away in a rage, muttering curses.

"If you like your old watch so much as all that," yelled Taggart, "here it is—as good as ever." And he took the man's perfectly unharmed watch from his pocket.

On another occasion, at a big political banquet, Taggart went up to a famous Indiana character as to arrange his necktie for him and

hidden in the house, Eliza was smuggled into Canada. Mrs. Coffin's father-in-law was Levi Coffin, head of the "underground railway," a secret organization which made a business of smuggling slaves.—Evening Item, Richmond, Ind.

OUR HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

To eat bananas with the skins on.—They are novel that way and make a very chic and substantial party dessert.

To attach your scarfpin to your coat lapel instead of to your tie.—All the smart dressers are availing themselves of the privilege this season. Be the first in your community to be up-to-date.

To clean wall paper with gasoline and honey.—A new process discovered by a Goshen, Ind., man, who invites all to profit thereby.

To remember dates and numbers by memorizing them upside down.—It is an almost certain method and exceedingly interesting.

R. M. H.

FAMOUS ALS.

—Ice.
—Low.
—I Buy.
—I Mony.
—Xander.
King—bert.
You know me —

To parade or not to parade?

Even the hicks have quit looking at the tall buildings.

They say Mary had a little lamb. But we have a conviction. That this story of Mary is nothing but fiction.

We don't know who won that sea battle, but we admit the Germans put a "scoop" over. They got their story in first.

took his diamond scarf pin. Later in the evening he made a brief speech lauding the character and public achievements of his victim, and ended up by presenting the man with a costly diamond pin in a little plush box, as a slight testimonial of the high esteem in which he was held by one and all. The costly pin was the same one that Taggart had previously picked from the victim's tie.

And that recalls still another Taggart joke. At the last democratic national convention, Taggart went about among his friends in a hotel lobby surreptitiously taking their watches and diamond pins until he had 15 or 20 of each. Then he began to redistribute them.

He would go up to a man, ask him what time of day it chanced to be, and then amuse himself by noting the man's discomfiture when he found his watch missing.



But here was the real joke of the thing:

After he had handed back all the watches and jewelry so far as his memory would permit, he still had an extra watch in his pocket. For the life of him he could not recall whose it was. It required two days of careful inquiry before Taggart could get that watch and its owner restored to one another.

The Ohio censors have given movie men orders to cut out of a play the scene in which a man is hit on the head with a brick. We do not know what effect this will have on the artistic excellence of the play, but it seems a shame to cut out such a scene after an actor has gone to all the trouble that is entailed by being hit on the head with a brick.—Columbus, O., Citizen.

The high cost of living has placed John Jacob Astor, four years old, in a pathetic situation. His allowance of \$20,000 a year is insufficient to support him in comfort. Considering that his income is in the neighborhood of \$200,000 a year, the courts will have to come to his relief.—Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle.

The Velvet Hammer

By Arthur Brooks Baker

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

Nebraska is the home wherein the grape juice toast was born; Kentucky boasts a certain famous liquid made from corn; Milwaukee proudly offers her unequalled barley brew; In Mexico the mescal wine provides the local stew; But Indiana loves to hear the harmless glasses clink As we absorb delightedly the Charlie Fairbanks drink.

For nature knew her p's and q's when she invented milk; 'Tis insufficient praise indeed to say it's fine as silk; But when the butter's been removed by man's familiar art, We find that grand residuum inspiring, cool and tart— The buttermilk which Fairbanks helped to limelight and to fame, Which also sheds its own renown upon the Fairbanks name.

Who knows what Teddy Roosevelt drinks, or William Howard Taft? Who knows what vain, seductive glass Elihu Root has quaffed? Let every candidate proclaim that he's for this and that, To shake things up or shake them down or stand sublimely pat; But when they answer to the roll and name their favored drinks, No friend of his will blush to hear what Charlie Fairbanks thinks.

The Democratic choice is duly signed and sealed by fate, Beyond the mild excitement of a single hour's debate. But with the Grand Old Party in such evident distress, And facing such necessity to make a lucky guess, There's little to be fondly hoped and little to be feared In nominating buttermilk, on Charlie Fairbanks' beard.

WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

COMPRESSED AIR.

(Factory.)

A jet of water is capable of cooling or cleaning, but its action is limited to materials which will not be injured by moisture, and it requires provisions for drainage. Air, on the other hand, will clean or cool a batch of dough or a chunk of steel with equal facility. A steam jet, too, can accomplish many things by direct action, but who wants to work around one? Air is obviously in a class by itself for such purposes. In at least one machine shop air jets are employed on cutting tools, in lieu of oil or soda water, to keep both tool and work cool.

Air, again, in a German factory, has been found to solve the problem of graduated hardening of steel. By carefully spacing the nozzles the degree of hardening may be graded quite accurately.

For reaching dirt and dust in the hidden recesses of machines and product, nothing equals a blast of air from a well-directed nozzle. Vacuum cleaners are all right for floors, tables and benches, but it takes a jet with plenty of pressure behind it to remove oily particles and negotiate the irregularities of motors and machines. Dynamos and motors, for best results and safety against fire, must be kept clean. How to dislodge and remove the particles which collect on the cores and windings was a knotty problem until the air jet was tried.

Textile mills, too, have of late adopted air cleaning very generally. In no industry is the cleaning problem of greater moment. Lint generally is heavy from the fact that the atmosphere of textile rooms is, or always should be, somewhat humid. Hence, if blown downward, the lint gravitates directly to the floor. Many machines can be cleaned while in motion, thus increasing the output efficiency.

Air jets will do the work of brushes, as in raising the nap on certain heavy fabric and putting the finish on silk ribbons or of buffing wheels as in polishing metal. In one plant an invisible screen is thus formed across a door opening which must be kept unobstructed to keep out flies. Men can easily pass, but winged insects miss as well try to get through a steel plate.

A NEW PLANETARY THEORY.

(Ohio State Journal, Columbus.)

Prof. Chamberlain of the University of Chicago has announced a new theory of the solar system. What is the sense of another theory? La Place's is good enough. It is reasonable and easily understood. It is not probable that we can be sure of any theory, but La Place's nebular hypothesis seems to answer every demand of a theory. It leaves some points unexplained, but so do all the theories. But the old-time nebular hypothesis is good enough for us. It appeals to one as a sensible explanation of the formation of the solar system. One can see the same process in the skies any clear night he looks through a strong telescope. One of the "sweet influences of the Pleiades" is the formation of worlds which one can easily see in a powerful reflector. Before La Place proposed his theory, the big thinkers of the world had sensed the same. It should stand until another is proposed which is as easily understood, which is not the case with the Chicago professor's.

It isn't often that a woman can give as good a reason for asking a divorce as Mary Vogel of New Jersey. Mosquitoes are her abomination and for 23 years her husband has turned a deaf ear to her entreaties to be moved to some other state.—Wichita, Kan., Beacon.



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I. & M.

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